

Victim Missing

By International News Service.
Caldwell, N. H., Tuesday, May 12.—Following the identification of Mrs. Catherine Willey, of Lake Umbagog, one of the Louisiana victims, John W. Preston, who identified the body last Friday, wrote, the American consul, that a FBI detective with Mrs. Willey always were missing.

Mrs. Willey was landed at Kilauea, at Hahione and was later taken to Honolulu.

Scare Passengers of Frederick VIII.

NEW YORK, May 12.—Passengers who arrived on the Scandinavian American liner Frederick VIII, had a scare of their lives passing in the north of the Shetland Islands. In the afternoon the Frederick VIII, was sighted and spoken by a British cruiser.

"NEWLY WEEDS"
It will be wise if they choose their path of travel carefully. The British cruiser stated in the "Apostrophe" to let them know that they were not to be taken lightly.

The Merry Month of May Is the Time to Tour

Though the faint, phantasmic hamlets of New England the trees are beginning to bloom, the grass grows green underfoot, and the whole world assumes the aspect of joy and life.

New England is rich with scenes of historical interest. Every year hundreds of tourists come to this part of the country from the West to bask in the light of glory reflected from the scenes of a hundred years ago. Some of us living amid modern scenes need pause to consider that there are still opportunities to visit the "Land of the Pilgrims" this summer, get acquainted with the beautiful lakes, mountains and seashores that attract so many tourists from the West. There is an action of the country with better roads.

Buy an Automobile

source of desirable machines in the best of repair, at low prices are listed every week in the

"Used Car" Columns of the Boston American

1

1980

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By **GOUVERNEUR MORRIS** and **CHARLES W. GODDARD**

Krazy Kat

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THE DINGBAT FAMILY

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Poor Dinny, He Can't Even Carry a Girl's Sultcase to the Train Without Trouble



ABIE THE AGENT

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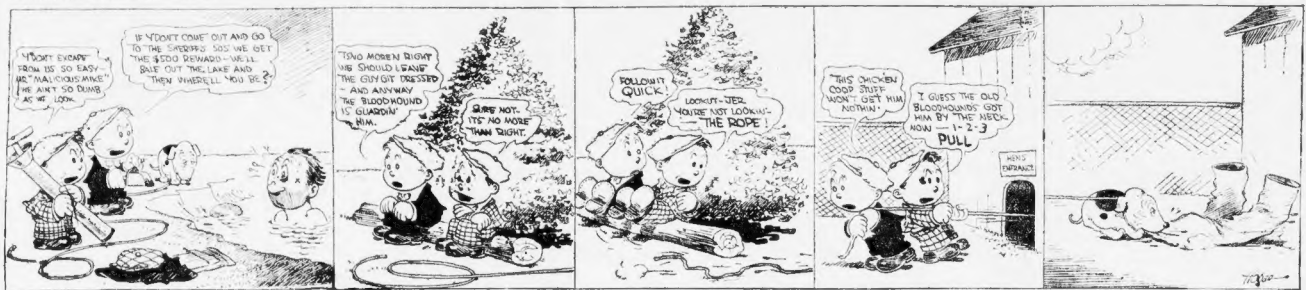
Some Contingencies Are So Very Remote



JERRY ON THE JOB

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One Crook's Pants Will Do for Another



POLLY AND HER PALS

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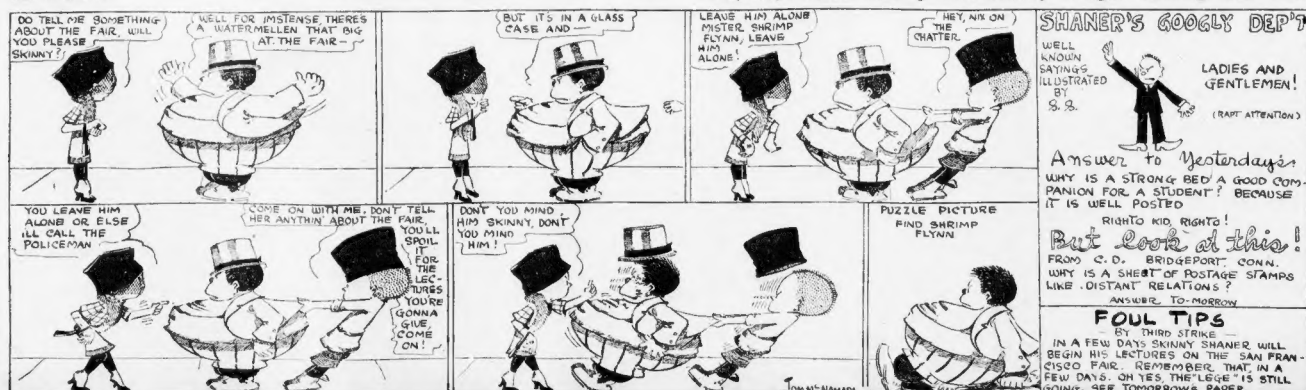
Petulant Pet Peke's Pugnacity Pleases Pa



US BOYS

Registered United States Patent Office.

Ah, Ha, Master Skinny Was Nearly Caught Loading That Time



Jess Willard Tells "How to Have Health and Muscles Like Mine."

INDOOR SPORTS

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BOSTON GIRL IS TENNIS FAVORITE

NEW YORK, May 12.—The playing of Miss A. Sheel of Boston in the women's metropolitan singles tennis championship at Forest Hills was the feature of the day, and after she had won her two matches those inclined to be critical installed her favorite for the title, even over Miss Bjurstedt, the Norwegian wonder.

In her match in the second round Miss Shoof won a three-set tussle from Miss Ing (Kissel), with the score of 6-0, 7-6, 6-3. Miss Clara Channel, one of the best of the local players, met Miss Shoof in the third round, and the style in which the latter returned the drives of the New Yorker at once stamped her as a racket wielder of more than ordinary merit. Miss Shoof

Quimet Is Twice Winner at Golf

BALTIMORE, May 12.—Francis Outland of the Woodland Golf Club of Auburndale continued his excellent playing here in the Baltimore Country Club's annual invitation tournament winning both his matches. In the initial round he defeated T. W. Hammers of Maryland country club 5 up and 5 to play, while in the second round he defeated H. B. ...

It was a most unpleasant contact in the morning. The tooth man was pulling poorly until he reached the turn out and having fully got the hang of the groove. He quickened pace as he turned home, showing that that getting deficiency would soon be remedied. Starting with the teeth

bers!

If you realized the self-consciousness of the young man in his growing age, you would understand how necessary it is to have the boy sixteen, seventeen and eighteen years old, trained

Mr. Macdonald is well qualified to design garments for the growing boy and I am sure

growing boy, and I am in a position to dress him up with an all worsted, absolutely all wool suiting that will give him wear at a time when he wears clothing hard, for a price, suit to order.

\$10.00

Cut to his Individual measure
and extra pants of Blue Serge, pos-

2.75

The TAILOR
ST., 2 Doors from School St

We Have Gone Back to Days of Ocean Piracy and Indiscriminate Murder on Land

Nations and Individuals Must Act Accordingly—Brute Force, Not Law or Justice, Now Rules on This Planet

The biggest and most civilized nations of Europe are cutting each other's throats as rapidly as they can.

Italy is on the verge of war.
Holland, Denmark and the other smaller countries suffer every inconvenience, and they must submit or fight and join the bloody work.

The peace and security built up so slowly have been swept away.

We have gone back to the days of piracy on the ocean and general murder on the land.

There was a day when every man who took a ship to sea knew that he took a certain risk of being captured and killed by pirates. Freight charges included the risk of piracy. We have gone back to those days.

There was a time when every man who went out into the street or mounted his horse to ride the public highway knew that he risked robbery and murder before he returned, and life was organized on that basis. Europe has gone back to that day.

The nations are treating each other as individuals used to do, and with infinitely greater savagery and remorseless cruelty.

Peace is a joke, justice is a jest, there is no rule but that of strength.

The horrible condition will not last forever, and we need not be absolutely pessimistic, for the good in man will rise above other forces and rule again as it has done in the past.

But at PRESENT piracy, murder, brutality rule.

There is no end of it in sight, and we in this country, fortunate enough to be exempt thus far, must REALIZE conditions and prepare.

The intelligence of this country and those in charge of public affairs should be concentrated on two objects—TO KEEP OUT OF WAR and to be constantly prepared for it.

Only constant preparation can make permanent peace possible.

And the preparation which counts for this country, separated from Europe by three thousand miles of water, and from Asia by the Pacific Ocean, is A POWERFUL NAVY OF FIGHTING SHIPS AND MEN, A GIANT COMMERCIAL NAVY, BOTH OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

The first need is for BATTLESHIPS, SUBMARINES, TORPEDO BOATS, FLYING MACHINES.

With the building of a navy, big enough to discourage foolish or desperate attacks, there should go the training of men and of officers.

As rapidly as possible, and at whatever necessary cost, the navy should be put on an adequate footing. Great Government establishments should constantly build and experiment with fighting devices of all kinds, old and new.

Government officers should be engaged in the construction of airships, and in every possible useful experiment in the air, on the water, and below the water.

Those that may come to fight us will come in ships—for we need fear nothing from Mexico, to the south of us, or Canada, to the north.

If we meet a real enemy it will be an enemy coming across one of the oceans. We should be READY to meet such an enemy.

We should have a fleet as powerful as any on the water, a great flying fleet to carry explosives through the air, and the world's greatest submarine navy to give the proper welcome below the water.

The American knows now that he goes to sea at the risk of his life.

England boasts that she controls the sea; Germany replies that she will make every life on a British ship unsafe.

England fights her with the power of a great floating navy; Germany fights back with the blow from the hidden enemy below the water.

It is not our business to decide how these countries shall murder each other. But it is our business to plan to defend OURSELVES.

We know that before anybody can fight us HE MUST COME HERE.

And we know that the enemy must come in SHIPS. We know that we have the men, the money, the power, and the manufacturing plants that would enable us to make invasion ridiculous.

Indifference is criminal; a drifting policy, with "Oh, it will never happen," is criminal and idiotic.

Now, while at peace, is our time to prepare.

Does any man doubt that war may come at any minute?

Does not every citizen realize what a blessed feeling of security it would give if the nation were REALLY prepared?

Can any intelligent man hesitate to use ALL his influence to force and hurry that preparation?

The biggest fighting navy, the biggest commercial navy, capable of being transformed into ships of defence—that is what the government should construct, operate and own, and as quickly as the work can be done.

OUR FIRST DUTY IS TO MAINTAIN PEACE; OUR NEXT DUTY IS TO PREPARE FOR WAR

Look Upon the Nation's Navy and Answer!

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MR. ELBERT HUBBARD, prior to his departure for Europe on the Lusitania, prepared a series of articles for the American to be used in his absence. These articles will appear from day to day, added interest no doubt attaching to them owing to Mr. Hubbard's tragic death.

Preparing for Old Age and Death

By ELBERT HUBBARD

SUBMITTER was once asked by a pupil the question, "What kind of people shall we be when we reach old age?"

And the answer was this: "We shall be the same kind of people that we were long."

What kind of a man shall I be tomorrow? Oh, about the same kind of a man that I am now. The kind of a man that I shall be next month depends upon the kind of a man that I have been this month.

If I am miserable today it is not worth the trouble of pretending that I shall be happy tomorrow. Happiness is a light. And if we are going to Heaven we would better be getting used to it.

Life is a preparation for the future, and the best preparation for the future is to be well now and here.

We are preparing all the time for old age. The two things that make old age beautiful are resignation and a just consideration of the rights of others.

In the play of "The Terrible" the interest centres around one man, the "Old Man." In this play we see a glimpse into the life of a tyrant who has run the full gamut of power, cunning, and greed.

Now, that he feels the approach of death, he would make his peace with God. But he has delayed that matter too long. He didn't realize that the old man is a degree in our hands. Life is full, and well that it has been filled the stream of life is now going flowing somewhere.

Strip Ivan of his robes and crown and he might be an old Yankee farmer. Every town and village has its Ivan. To be an Ivan just

turn your temper loose and practice cruelty on any person or thing within your reach and the result will be a sure preparation for a quarrelsome, quarrelsome, picky, snippy, fussy and foolish old age, accented with outbreaks of wrath that are terrible in their fatality and destructiveness.

The character of King Lear and Ivan the Terrible have much in common. One might almost believe that the writer of Ivan had fed the incompleteness of Lear, and had seen the absurdity of making a melodramatic bid for sympathy in behalf of this old man thrust out by his daughters.

Lear, the troublemaker, Lear, to whose limber tongue there were constantly being words unprintable and names of dirt, reserves no soft pity at our hands. All his life he had been training his three daughters for exactly the treatment he was to receive. All his life Lear had been lubricating the claws that were to give him a quick ride into that thick midnight storm.

"Oh, how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!" he cries.

There is something quite as bad as a thankless child; and that is a thankless parent.

The idea now in Lear has in giving in his daughter like Cordelia.

Ivan is terrible. The Lear is like old years—not over seventy—but you can see that death is waiting close upon his track. Ivan has lost the power of reason. He cannot listen, watch and decide—he has no thought of consideration.

It is a wise politician who can make his constituents forget the campaign promises.

When a fellow asks not the look of wisdom, a pair of those auto

lamps for any man or thing—this is his habit of life. His bony hands are never still—the fingers open and shut, and pick at things eternally.

He fumbles the cross on his breast, adjusts his jewels, pats the devil's lotion, sets up nervously and looks behind the throne, holds his breath to listen.

When people address him he damns them savagely if they offend, and if they stand upright he accuses them of lack of respect.

He asks that he be relieved from the cares of state, and then trembles for fear his people will take him at his word. When asked to remain ruler of Russia he proceeds to curse his councillors, and accuses them of leading him with burdens that they themselves would not undertake to bear.

He is a victim of amor amari.

This tottering, doddering, slithering, scuttling old man is in love—he is about to wed a young, beautiful girl. He selects jewels for her—he makes remarks about what would become of her beauty, ferre and laughs in cracked falsetto.

In the animosity of youth there is something pleasing—it is natural; but the voice of an old man, when they have become only mental, are most revolting.

The people about Ivan are in terror of him, for he is still the absolute monarch. He has the power to promote or disgrace, to take their lives or let them go free. They laugh when he laughs, cry when he does, and watch his frowning moods with trembling hearts.

He is intensely religious, and stuffs lamp lenses eye glasses will help some.

It is possible for the stern man to become as pliable as a piece of putty when he gets in a tight place.

fects the robe and cowl of a priest. Around his neck hangs the crucifix. His fear is that he will die with no opportunity of confession and absolution. He prays to high heaven every moment, kisses the cross and his toothless old mouth interprets prayers to God and curses on man in the same breath.

If any one is talking to him he looks the other way, slips down until his shoulders occupy the throne, scratches his leg, and keeps up a running comment of "Aye," "Oh," "Ode," "course," "Certainly," "Listen to him now!" There is a comedy side to all this which relieves the tragedy and saves the play from becoming disgusting.

Olimpus of Ivan's past are given in his jerky confessions. He is the most miserable and unhappy of men, and you behold that he is repaying as he has been.

All his life he has been preparing for this. Each day has been a preparation for the next. Ivan dies in a fit of wrath, hurling curses on his family and court—dies in a fit of wrath into which he has been purposely taunted by a man who knows that the outbreak is certain to kill the weakened monarch.

Where does Ivan the Terrible go when death closes his eyes?

I know not. But this I believe: No confidence can absolve him—no priest benefit him—no God forgive him. He has damned himself, and he begins the work in youth. He was getting ready all his life for this old age, and this old age was getting ready for the fifth act.

The playwright does not say so, but this is the lesson: Hate is poison—wrath is a toxin—passionality leads to death—clinging selfishness is a lighting of the fuse of hell. It is all a preparation—cause and effect.

If you are ever abused you must absolve yourself, for on one else can.

We often hear of the beauty of old age, but the only old age that is beautiful is the one the man has long been preparing for by living a beautiful life.

Milestones in the March of Public Ownership

THE net annual revenue of Prussia (before the war) was \$200,000,000, of which \$12,000,000 were the profits of the publicly owned utilities. The railroads contributed \$1,000,000; banks, forests, etc., \$22,000,000; coal, salt, iron and amber industries, \$4,000,000; state banks, \$2,000,000; dividends from banks and coal companies, \$5,000,000.

THE publicly owned street car lines of Sheffield, England, grant free passes to blind persons resident or working within the city.

THE referendum vote in the town of Zurich, Switzerland, on the question of whether the city would appropriate \$500,000 to build and own dwelling houses resulted in 13,000 for to 7,500 against the proposition.

The city proceeded to erect

blocks of flats, with children's large playgrounds attached. The flats have been stationary, while those of the privately owned flats have risen from time to time.

Between 1902 and 1910 the increase was almost 20 per cent. This was principally the reason the city had for erecting its own dwellings. Here are the comparative annual rentals of houses publicly and privately owned:

	Publicly Owned, Zurich.	Privately Owned, Zurich.
Two rooms and kitchen	\$77.50	\$85.00
Three rooms and kitchen	100.00	122.50
Four rooms and kitchen	120.00	140.00

It was recently estimated that the city owned and rented more than one-quarter of the houses in the city.

RETURNING

By JANE McLEAN

No ceremony do I ask,
Nor pomp and splendor all for me;
I would take up each petty task
Without a welcome, quietly.

I would not have the bonfires glow
To welcome me upon the hill,
I'd slip in when the lights were low
And of the starlight breathe my fill.

I'd come not like a prodigal,
Filling a long expected day;
But quietly at the heart's long call,
As though I'd never been away.

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